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THE MORALITY OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

As the Greeks excelled all other ancient nations in works of art, so they far excelled them in the knowledge of the human mind and of those passions and feelings which are common to all men. They had advanced farther than any of their contemporaries, in forming, studying, and practising those rules for the conduct of life, which are so essential to the happiness and well-being of society. In fact, before the decline of the Grecian empire, systems of morality had been formed by their most celebrated philosophers, which were not only approved and followed in their age and by their own countrymen, but which have excited the admiration of all succeeding ages. These systems we have all been accustomed to hear extolled, as the highest productions of human reason, unaided by the light of revelation. Perhaps they were so; but the praises which have been bestowed on them, and the panegyrics which have been heaped upon their founders, have, I fear, been oftentimes unwarranted. There have been those among the moderns, who, blinded by a foolish partiality for whatever was connected with Greece or Rome, and enraptured with all that bears the name, the dust, and the appearance of antiquity, have been lavish in the extreme of their praises, and have endeavoured to persuade

themselves and others, that the morality of the ancients is all-sufficient for the happiness of man.

Those rules which were formed by the Grecian sages, and which are sufficient for the wise man and the philosopher, who have made the study of the mind and human passions the principal employment of their lives, who are accustomed to consider carefully the consequences of actions before they perform them, and who draw up systematically the "*pro et contra*," the good and evil of each word and deed; the rules, which are sufficient to govern the lives and regulate the conduct of such men, are not sufficient to restrain the fiery passions of the multitude, who act without premeditation, from the impulse of the moment. The mere maxims, that virtue renders us happy and vice miserable, are not powerful enough to curb the unruly wills and affections of common men, who are ever ready to follow the opinion, that the enjoyment of a present good, however fatal its consequences, is far preferable to the hope of a future and uncertain advantage.

This is plainly exemplified in the lives of the ancient philosophers themselves: the rules for the government of life, which they laid down, were powerful enough to influence their own conduct; for they were men of strong intellectual powers, who separating themselves from the world, had first carefully studied their own minds, and then gone forth impartially to examine the actions of others, and the consequences of their virtuous or vicious modes of life; and from the good or evil which they saw resulting, they could easily draw the conclusions upon which they formed their moral rules. But how few of their disciples ever sincerely embraced and strictly followed their principles. Many may have professed to believe in them, but few confirmed that belief by practice. Something more therefore is wanting for the multitude than moral rules.

If we examine the moral systems, which prevailed among the Greeks, we shall find much to admire and much to blame. Every one of their celebrated philosophers brought forward some new doctrine, and each one pointed out different objects as most worthy of acquisition, and selected different degrees and different kinds of happiness as the *summum bonum*.

The system of morality inculcated by Socrates was proba-

bly the purest and most perfect. His morality was founded upon religion. The principles, which induce men to a virtuous life, according to his opinion, were derived ultimately from God, and this opinion was the result of his own inquiries, for he observed no one ever departed from these principles, without receiving the punishment due to his transgression. "It is frequently possible," says Socrates in the Memoriabilia of Xenophon, "for men to screen themselves from the penalty of human laws, but no man can be unjust or ungrateful, without suffering for his crime; hence, I conclude, that these laws must have proceeded from a more excellent legislator than man." Socrates taught that the cultivation of virtue was man's truest interest, and that it was absurd to suppose that his good could be in the least promoted by vice. The doctrines of Plato, although rather more fanciful, were in fact much the same as those of Socrates.

The dotrines of the Stoics, although they obtained so many followers among the ancients, now seem little calculated to advance man's happiness during life, or to afford him satisfaction at the hour of death.

When man was created a being endowed with feelings, which led him to pity the sufferings and misfortunes of his fellow creatures, when a heart was given him to sympathize with the distressed, and a willingness to alleviate their sorrows; it was never intended that those feelings should be blunted and destroyed, and that heart hardened into indifference. To be sure an unrestrained exercise of those feelings is unworthy of man; there is a medium to be observed between an overflowing sensibility and a rude and unsocial coldness. There is nothing that so much sweetens the cup of bitter sorrow, as the sympathy of a fellow being. Yet every feeling like sympathy or compassion the "wise man" of the stoics was to reject with disdain as effeminate; and to shed a tear over his own bereavements or afflictions was a weakness too degrading for human nature. But these are feelings which every truly virtuous man delights to cultivate, and of a limited exercise of which no man need be ashamed. In fine, a philosophy like that taught by Zeno is one calculated to destroy those affections, which do most honour to human nature.

Concerning the doctrines of the Epicureans, which in their corrupt state were so prevalent at Rome, there have been many wrong opinions. His morality, although far inferior to that of Socrates and Plato, and by no means calculated to render man happy, was still much purer than it has generally been represented. Epicurus erected his school in direct opposition to that of the stoics, and consequently made the whole of that powerful and influential body of men his enemies, and by them his doctrines were grossly misrepresented. As he taught that pleasure was the *summum bonum*, they asserted that he encouraged men in the pursuit of sensual gratifications; and that his name is even now the degrading epithet of the sensualist and the voluptuary. There is no doubt but that his disciples after his death took to themselves great liberties, and deviated far from the virtuous principles he delivered them; but he himself lived a life of the greatest purity and integrity, which even his enemies were constrained to allow, and Cicero, Plutarch, and Seneca, who professed to be stoics, bear witness to his merits.

Epicurus, considering the attainment of happiness as the great object of life, divided pleasure into two kinds; the one consisting in bodily ease and mental peace, the other in an active and agreeable state of the senses and a corresponding state of the mind. These states were to be obtained only by a virtuous life, and an abstinence from every thing which had a tendency to debase man. Present enjoyment was alone worth striving for; man knew not what would be his state after death, and therefore it was the part of a wise man to make the most of the present moment. Why should we heap up misery for ourselves? was the language of the Epicurean. Do the best we can, there is enough of it in the world. We are all ignorant of the future, why should we not enjoy the present?

The three sects which have now been mentioned, were the most powerful among the ancient philosophers; and the doctrines which were believed by them, were by no means calculated to raise man to that dignity to which he is evidently destined. Morality requires a pure and ennobling religion to strengthen it, and when the Grecian and Roman were taught to revere beings, who themselves possessed all the weaknesses and infirmities of men, and debased by every

odious crime, it could not be expected that they would be willing to submit to moral laws, and refrain from those actions in which the gods themselves indulged. **M. E.**

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

M ——, December 2, 18—.

We separated, you well know, Chum, with the mutual promise of corresponding during our brief voluntary rustication; and to me was assigned the duty of commencing our epistolary intercourse. I have proposed to myself no regular plan in writing, but shall communicate, in a desultory manner, whatsoever happens, which I think may be amusing or interesting to you.

I commenced the labor of teacher in rather a different manner from most college pedagogues; for it has fallen to my lot, be it good or evil, to instruct the young ideas how to shoot, in an obscure town on the seacoast; and I will now endeavor to give you an idea of my arrival and settlement.

It was on a cold, drizzly morning,—a continuation of a series of days, so gloomy and wet as to beget the idea that this kind of weather had been stereotyped,—that I took leave of the chairs, tables, &c. of our domicil, and stept into the stage for M——. Methought that the moment I entered the vehicle I became another being—no longer was I, for a time at least, to be tied to a bell-rope—no longer was I to pursue the monotonous routine of recitations, commons, and lectures. Every revolution of the carriage wheel left farther behind sines, cosines, themes, forensics, declamations, and all the rest of the tribe of college exercises. I was now become like unto one possessing authority. My fat personage became elongated by a consciousness of its newly acquired dignity; and the giggling rotundity of my countenance began to lengthen itself with a due portion of gravity necessary for one who was soon to be installed the ruler of a country school.

But this change, mighty as was its effect on me, disturbed not the equanimity of my fellow traveller, who appeared an old sailor, with nothing remarkable about him but his taciturnity.

I rode along, musing on the things I had left behind, and fancying what were to be the scenes I was now about to enter upon.

About an hour before sunset, when we had almost arrived at our journey's end, the patting against the carriage windows ceased. The clouds began to brighten and break asunder—the sun shone out from behind, tinging them with a glowing fringe of golden light, and seemed "like religion beaming with her cheering look upon the gloomy scenes—the dark sorrows of existence." Soon the black masses began to sail off and drop down towards the eastern edge of the horizon; while the great luminary of heaven, wrapping around him his garments of light, was slowly sinking to rest. At this moment we reached the summit of a hill, and the ocean burst upon our view, and added still more to the splendor of the scene. It lay, as far as the eye could reach, reflecting the surrounding beauties—calm and still, as if, like the sea of Galilee, it had just heard the divine command—Peace, be still! You may smile at my enthusiasm, Chum, but it was a sight I never shall forget; it was one of those scenes which draw, by their attraction, living waters from the deep springs of imagination;—it was a thrilling strain—a grand variation in that silent melody, which nature is ever breathing into the soul.

Twilight was fast leading on the darkness, when we arrived at the only public house in what was termed the village. I had just light enough to discover a huge cod swinging in the wind, in the place of the dolorous sign-board; and the *frying* pans, from the kitchens, sung out a terrible prophecy as to the kind of creature-comforts one was likely to meet with here. Would I could call them false prophets; but, alas! candour obliges me to say that they foretold nothing but the truth. I have now been in this village nearly a week, and nothing have I seen in the way of eatables but fish, fish, fish—fish for breakfast—fish for dinner—fish for supper. And if I wander to the cupboard, in the evening, to seek for something wherewith to stay the stomach, nothing meets my longing eyes but a plate of cold fish, which is to be re-cooked, to furnish out the morning's meal. I have not even that comfort produced by the variety in order, I once told you of, when I sojourned for seven days in the country, having, alter-

nately, beans and pudding one day for dinner and pudding and beans the next. Unless a kind Providence sends some alteration, I expect soon to become a *man-mermaid*; or at least, to be deemed a *fini*cal fellow as long as I live.

But this is digressing. My coming, I found, was not unexpected, and when I entered the bar-room to inquire out the dwelling of the minister, I underwent a stare from a half dozen idle fishermen, that put to shame all the wonder and scrutiny with which the savages of the New World received the great Columbus. After a great deal of yankee inquisitiveness and circumlocutory manner of speaking, I succeeded both in getting the way to the minister's house pointed out, and in extricating myself from the motley group. The good parson was gone awa' to preach, but had left a note informing me who had bid lowest for me at auction, and was to receive me as a boarder. This man, Chum, certainly had a name—an expressive name—a name full of meaning—it was not three poor miserable letters, such as my own, huddling together like drowning ducks on a rainy day. Neither was it such a crooked crack-jaw appellation as yours; nor was it a silly, romantic cognomen. It was full of labial and dentals on the soft hissing S; it was classical and sonorous—it was, in short, Erastus Titus Lascivious Wormwood.

Zounds, thought I, he must be something; a man with name like that must be an original. These and other meditations employed me until I reached the dwelling of Mr. Wormwood. But as my letter is already spun out to such a length, I must defer until another time the description of his family, which was of the renowned John Rogers' cast, and of my host himself, together with my adventures on Sunday, and the commencement of my labors as a knight of the ferrule. Hoping, my dear Chum, that you find better beds than the one I have endeavoured to rest my weary limbs upon these several nights, which can be compared to nothing but sleeping upon a couch of paving stones and chesnut burs,

I remain yours, &c.

T. B.

THE LOVE OF TRAVELLING.

Curiosity often claims indulgence at the expense of our comfort, and most frequently in that rage for travelling which characterizes the present age. This desire of looking on other scenes and men than those familiar to us from childhood, may be seen in all classes of society, from the man of fortune who migrates with the season, to the confirmed travellar, whose enthusiasm is but increased by difficulties and dangers. No spot remains sacred; the pathless forests are penetrated, and nature disturbed in her solitary haunts where the foot of man has seldom strayed. Distance makes little difference, and we become as well acquainted with the snow capt summits of the Andes as with the vine clad hills of France and Spain. The dreariness and immensity of oceans rolling between the traveller and the objects of his curiosity cannot protect it from his researches; he circles the globe and finds a wider empire for the exercise of his powers, than the ambition of a conqueror could give.

He would look on man in different countries and study his character as developed under the influence of climate and scenery. Not satisfied with contemplating man when governed by law, and uniting his energies for the accomplishment of every work that requires union, he would visit him in the rude and uncivilized state, and see how nature may be degraded, and how nearly man may approach to the brutes about him, when unpolished and savage. It is worthy of the philosopher thus to look on man, and ascertain the influence of circumstances in forming his character, developing his energies and in making him a being worthy of being placed at the head of creation. He may find too how far climate has affected the different species of our race; how much of the revenge of the Italian, and the dark passions of the Moor are owing to this circumstance. Perhaps he may trace the influence of a burning sun, or the milder beauty of cloudless nights in the songs of war, or the lays of love of their poetry. Climate has not an imaginary effect on the character of man in different countries; it is as marked as their features or their colour, and it discovers itself in their literature, or in the rude attempts at verse found among all nations, which can scarcely

be dignified with the name of Literature. It is here that the philosopher will find the influence of scenery and climate on man. The proud feelings of freemen, cherished by the Swiss, are modified by the grandeur of the scenery around them, and ennobled by converse with nature in her solitary magnificence. These feelings are embodied in the songs of their country, and exhibit to us the influence which scenery can have in forming the taste, and more, in affecting the habits and happiness of a people. The rage for travelling is as powerful in the breast of the scholar as it is with any class of men. Immured as he is in his cell, and surrounded by the records of men and countries it never may be his lot to visit, yet his thoughts go forth over the earth and rest with something like devotion on spots that are to him classic ground. It is the peculiar privilege of genius to render sacred, places honored by its residence, or birth, and the scholar in his high admiration of the works of genius extends his reverence to the spots it has consecrated. His desire of seeing the ruins of ancient cities, the monuments of departed power is not merely an idle curiosity to look on that which was before unknown; it is strengthened by the associations of his education. The ruins of the Old world are chiefly interesting to him as connected with the master spirits who have appeared to enlighten and ennoble man. What were Rome to him, were it not for the proud names of Cicero, Virgil, and others, and what were the remains of Athens, did he not connect with them the remembrance of the sages who found power in wisdom. It may well seem to mankind that the scholar indulges a foolish and visionary reverence for antiquity, but as they cannot enter into his feelings and know nothing of the origin of them they are incapable of judging of their nature, or their propriety. He may look on the most trifling relic of the ancients with the reverence of an antiquarian and be ridiculed by men who have no common feeling with him; they cannot know the pleasure he has derived from the works of the ancients, and therefore cannot feel as he does the value of any thing that reminds him of them. When he views the ruins of past ages, he feels himself carried back to times when they were the pride of a powerful nation, and almost imagines himself in the presence of the authors who have formed his study and conduced so much to his pleasure.

He cannot enjoy the serenity of an Italian sky, gaze on its rivers and its beautiful scenery, without feeling some of the influence he imagines these had on the ancients. As Americans, England is as much classic to us, as Greece or Rome, and the prevalent desire to visit the mother country may in a great measure be traced to this feeling. A common language makes Shakspeare and Milton as much ours, as England's, and the reverence felt when visiting scenes they once were familiar with, is as deep with us as it can be with them. We need no slip of mulberry to remind us of Shakspeare nor need we walk by the "wizard stream" to think of Milton; our reverence for them is as true and deep as if we could make a pilgrimage to their graves without crossing an ocean.

The rage for travelling is exhibited powerfully in the naturalist, with as slight an object for the eagerness of his pursuit, as can well be imagined. It appears almost madness to those whose actions are governed by the principles of self-interest, for men so far to lose sight of these principles as to spend their property and endanger their lives in uncultivated countries, when the highest treasure they can hope to find, as the reward of their labours, is a flower hitherto undescribed, or a mineral unknown. But we should not quarrel with a kind of enthusiasm so innocent in itself, and one which has made us well acquainted with countries of which we might otherwise know nothing. K.

AN ESSAY.

Various opinions have been maintained by different writers on education, respecting the moral character of emulation. Some, regarding it as a noble and generous principle of action, have recommended it as the best means of calling forth the faculties of the youthful mind, and exercising them in their fullest extent. Others, confounding it with envy, have condemned it as altogether pernicious in its tendency.

As this last opinion is very common, it may be useful to consider the true marks of distinction between envy and emulation.—They both suppose a desire of superiority. But envy desires superiority only for the sake of distinction. It

is a thoroughly selfish passion. It cannot bear to be thrown into the shade, whilst another engrosses the applause and admiration of the world. It is however the external honor alone which is the object of envy, and not the intrinsic merit by which it is acquired; for envy, being of a mean and base character, is from its very nature incompatible with a generous love of real excellence. An envious man may covet the influence which a public benefactor has acquired by disinterested exertions for the good of society, but if he were told, that to attain equal eminence, he must henceforth give up all regard to self, and labor only for the benefit of others, the envied distinction would appear too worthless to be purchased by such sacrifice.

Such was the envy with which the degenerate nobility of Rome regarded the rising merit of Marius, and which is justly exposed to contempt in one of his orations before the Roman people;—"Do they," says he, "envy my honors? let them likewise envy the labors, the abstinence, and the dangers by which I have them." Every one sympathizes in this expression of the orator's contempt. But had some one of the young nobility, animated by the example of Marius, broken through his habits of sloth and luxury, and devoted himself to the acquisition of true fame, we should have pronounced his conduct generous and noble, worthy of applause and imitation. This would have been true emulation; for it is the principal object of emulation, to equal or excel its rival in real excellence, and public honor is esteemed valuable, only as a sign that the desired height of excellence has been attained. If the same place in the public estimation could have been gained without the corresponding degree of merit, it would hold out no allurements for the man of generous emulation; and on the contrary, though no human eye should witness his superiority over his competitor, his own consciousness of it would be to him a sufficient reward. Indeed, so pure is this principle, that it may without profanation be introduced into the very sanctuary of piety. A man who has enjoyed the society of a pious friend, and observed the mild serenity which devotion sheds over the whole life and character, may feel the kindlings of holy emulation to imbibe the same spirit, though its influence should be so silent and secret as to be known to him alone who is its supreme object.

From this fundamental distinction between envy and emulation, there result other more obvious marks of difference, by which each may be readily distinguished from the other. As envy is eager only for the honor which superiority is supposed to confer, its object is as well attained by sinking its rival to a level with itself, as by raising itself to an equality with its rival; and as it is of a sluggish nature, and seeks to gain without exertion, what others have acquired by toil and labor, it attempts to do away the envied distinction by the former, much oftener than by the latter method. Hence the envious man always hates him who is the object of his envy, is ever ready to do him an injury, and takes a sullen delight in blackening a character whose purity he can never hope to imitate. But the man of emulation can take no pleasure in the humiliation of his rival, for it brings him no nearer the object of his wishes; he does not, like the envious man, gain what his adversary looses; on the contrary, he loses the advantage, and I may add the pleasure, of honorable competition.

Again, the man of emulation necessarily entertains a high respect for his competitor, whom he considers his superior in some estimable qualities, and to equal or surpass whom, is the highest object of his ambition. I remark, too, that in case of his failure, this respect is even heightened; for we look with feelings very much like veneration on one who has attained an eminence which we have in vain striven to reach. But the envious man regards his rival as an enemy who has usurped a place to which he is himself equally entitled. And his hatred is untempered with the slightest mixture of kind emotion, for, as I before remarked, he is incapabe of love or admiration of virtue.

Lastly, if the envious man fail to supplant his adversary, he is completely miserable. No consideration can console him for want of success. His only aim was to shine superior in the eyes of the world, and if he succeed not in this, he is defeated altogether. Whereas the man who is actuated by a spirit of generous emulation, though he should not rise to an equality with his rival, is yet satisfied that his faculties have been exercised in their fullest extent, and that he has improved himself to a higher degree, than he could have done without the powerful stimulus of competition.

Such seem to me the principal distinguishing traits of envy and emulation. If you are certain that it is only the true merit of your rival which you are desirous of excelling, that you could be satisfied with excelling him, though the world should not know it; if you can say with sincerity that you do not wish to see his degradation; on the contrary, that you honor and esteem him, and that though you may not be able to excel him, that you are satisfied with the benefit you have received from the mere attempt, you may be sure that you are actuated by a spirit of true emulation. If on the other hand, when you come to analyze your feelings toward your rival, you are compelled to acknowledge that victory would have no charms, if it were gained in secret, or that the violence of the contest has engendered bitterness or ill-will, then you have reason to fear, that the worst of passions has found its way into your heart.

NOTICES OF AMERICAN POETS—No. 1.

One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him.

Gaities and Gravities.

THERE prevails, at the present day, a strong desire to rescue from oblivion every memorial of the toils and sufferings of our ancestors. All the sources have been examined, from whence it has been deemed possible to extract information respecting the condition of the early inhabitants of our country. Historical societies have been formed, and historical magazines established. Old manuscripts are sought for with avidity;—and when a sufficient quantity of these has been collected, and some few traditions, preserved among the older inhabitants, have been obtained,—the result is a chronicle of the rise and progress of some flourishing village. Of all this we are glad. For though a great portion of what is thus brought to light may be dry and uninteresting, yet many important facts are preserved, which otherwise would have been lost.

With respect to the private lives of our fathers, a similar feeling prevails. Memoirs of some of the most distinguished actors in the revolution have been published, and notices and sketches of the lives of our distinguished men are to be found in every periodical. But we have never yet seen collected anything purporting to be notices of those of our countrymen who have been guilty of the "rhyming sin." This we propose to do, as well as our few materials will permit.

Of course, when we say *poets*, we do not mean all the persons who, during their lives, have written a piece of rhyme. If we undertook that, we should be attempting to write an account of most of the inhabitants of the colonies from the Landing of the Pilgrims to the present day. For so widely has the rhyming mania raged, that there have been but few who have not during their lives penned sonnets to their mistresses, or scribbled birth-day odes. Most of our old clergy, says a biographical writer, "were adepts in the art divine; but the hallowed coal which burned on the lips of Isaiah never touched theirs." We mean by *poets*, merely those who were considered as such by their own generation; of many of whom it is predicted by their editors and in the magazines of the day, that they will be read and admired as long as taste and good sense and poetry exist. If this be the case, what an unrefined generation is the present, and for what offences against taste and sense have they not to answer!

As to the sources whence the materials have been derived, we must say, that to find anecdotes of certain individuals, or in search of a single piece, we have voluntarily waded through large volumes; which, if it had been our duty to examine them, to discover the most important point relative to Greek etymology, we should have been very loth to disturb. For though we loved the Greeks, we should venerate the sacred dust which has been gathering on their volumes for years. To be serious; we considered it more worthy of our labour to attempt preserving a short time the almost forgotten names of those who were once regarded as endowed with superior talents, than to search through mammoth lexicons for the derivative of some Greek word, or ransack musty tomes to reconcile irregularities in Pindar or Horace.

Like Old Mortality, we love to wander in the grave-yard of genius; clearing away the overgrowing moss, and renewing

the fast fading incription; where in a short time the simple stone will again be encumbered, and all that is known of one once loved and honored be comprised in this,—

"Once in the flight of ages past
————there lived a man."

JOHN OSBORN.

John Osborn, son of a gentleman, afterwards minister at Eastham, was born at Sandwich, in the year 1713. He entered Harvard College at the age of nineteen, and graduated in course in the year 1735. He was for some time after leaving College undecided what profession to pursue, but finally determined on the study of divinity; which he prosecuted so far as to deliver a sermon before an association of clergymen at Chatham. This discourse proved unacceptable to them on account of some unorthodox sentiments it advanced, and Osborn gave up the ministry for the study of medicine. About this time he was invited to accept a tutorship at College, which he refused on account of his proposed marriage,—which rendered him incapable of filling the office.

He shortly after was married, and removed to Middleton, Connecticut, to practise his profession. He appears to have met with a number of misfortunes there, and about two years before his death he wrote to a sister that he had nothing worth living for. He died at the age of forty.

The most celebrated production of Osborn is his Whaling Song, which is said to be still heard on the Pacific, among our hardy countrymen engaged in this pursuit. It is the first piece written by an American that has any claims to being called poetry. It consists of about fifteen stanzas, which give an account of the departure and voyage to the scene of the fisheries; and ends with the attack and death of one of the monsters of the deep. We will quote but two stanzas, which describe the death of the whale.

"Enraged she makes a mighty bound,
Thick foams the whitened sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

From num'rous wounds, with crimson flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays."

From an elegiac epistle on the death of a young sister, written by Osborn whilst he was in College, we extract the concluding lines.

"Not always the cold winter lasts,
With snows and storms, and northern blasts:
The raging seas with fury tost,
Not always break and roar;
Sometimes their native anger 's lost,
The smooth hush'd waves glide softly to the shore."

AN ESSAY ON WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR OF THE SPY.

We are often told to look back to the freshness and originality of the earlier ages for the true splendours of the imagination,—the real fascination of romance. Poetry, eloquence, and fiction are said to be the first spontaneous productions of the uncultivated mind; and that when it comes to be tilled by study and fertilized by knowledge it yields fruit more nourishing and beneficial, but less beautiful and tempting. We are to listen to the earliest notes of virgin genius, for the wild and fanciful,—and not wait until she is wedded to taste and refinement. Her step is freest and noblest when she treads the unploughed hills and dark forest of a new country; her voice sweeter and more winning when she tells the simple tale of nature, which comes from the heart of uneducated man.

How far this day-break of the intellect may be admired without injury, and how far the luxuries of knowledge, the pruning disposition of literature is to be deprecated, it is not our purpose to determine. It is sufficient for us that poetry and fiction are the first-born of the mind, that the history of

ourselves, and the world tells us that man's first utterance is the wild cry of feeling and imagination. That stream of sublimity which had its rise in the garden of Eden, and which flows in sparkling grandeur through the whole of sacred history; those bright coruscations of oriental fancy, and the early ages of Greece and Rome, all prove that the poetry of the heart speaks out before the prose of the understanding. One is the light and beauty which brightens the face of nature, and which smiles on us every where; the other is the gold, hidden in the earth, to be labored for and gained by the sweat of the brow.

These remarks will, to a certain degree, account for the first essays which have been made in literature by America. It is true we want the grandeur, the obscurity, and the simplicity, which characterized the first ages, because we have brought over, from the land of our forefathers, the seeds of knowledge, and planted them in our own generous soil, but whilst we are waiting for them to spring up and grow, we amuse ourselves with the beauties of poetry and fiction. On our shelves of domestic literature the number of lighter works far exceeds that of graver and more learned produtions. The truth is, our nation is young and we must now, and for some time to come, look for the sparklings of a few hours of excited feeling, the playful descriptions of fancy, rather than for those ponderous tomes which cost the undivided labor of a life. Political and practical duties must be performed before we can turn all our attention to the severer studies and become profoundly learned.

But it is with heart felt pride, that we see our expectations of our country well fulfilled. What we had a right to look for has been done—ably, beautifully, faithfully done;—and American novelists and American poets may well claim a high rank among their kindred in the literary world. They may not be worthy of being considered as elder brothers, but they are bright and promising younger ones.

And it was for the purpose of paying a small tribute of gratitude to one of our tale-tellers, for the pleasant moments he has afforded us, that we took up our pen. In thus doing, we have not forgot what we owe to others; that we are indebted to the glowing imagination of the author of Hobomok, the descriptive power, and beautiful simplicity of the writer

of Redwood, and the wild genius of Brown; but they all run so hard upon us with their kindness, that we fear we shall be obliged to declare ourselves bankrupts in gratitude.

The author of the Spy has many faults, and we love him too well to conceal them, or to varnish them over with indiscriminate praise. There is a little too much vanity in his prefaces, a little too much stage-like nonsense in his novels, rather too many incidents and surprises, and withal a great deal of haste and carelessness in his composition. But we like him notwithstanding all this. We are willing to be pleased with a book, if it does offend against some of the severe laws of criticism, and can take advice and hear a pleasing tale, even when it comes from an ugly mouth.

In the novels of Cooper, there are many finely drawn scenes, many well conceived and well executed characters, and much beautiful description. Throughout all his works from the Spy to the Prairie, there is exhibited a great power of exciting the interest, engaging the sympathies, and chaining down the attention. The trial of Henry Wharton, the wreck of the Ariel, the court scene of the Pioneers, the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Indian Council, the execution of Abiram White are all speaking instances which justify this remark—whilst every act and speech of the Spy, Leatherstocking, the Scout, the Trapper, and Long Tom are full of interest and quickly excite our sympathy.

His delineations of Indian character are true to nature. Those works in which he introduces the sons of the forest have in them a sameness, which is rather tiresome at times; but this is amply redeemed by the justice he pays to the untamed savage and the fidelity with which he portrays his chivalrous spirit. Uncas, Chingachgook, and "Hard-Heart" impress, with more than historical accuracy upon our hearts, a true picture of the wayward and high-souled redman. Our author has, too, considerable humor and real wit to relieve the dark scenes, and ease the reader by a gentle transition from an excited state of intense interest to one of gladdening mirth. Jack Lawton, Betty Flannagan, Dickon, the naturalist, and many other similar personages, will readily recur to the minds of our readers. The sea however is Cooper's element; he has not forgotten his old partiality for father Neptune, and his "Pilot" will be considered by every

one his *chef d'ouvre*. With the exception of his ladies, the whole work will bear comparison, for interest, incident, and description, for originality in plan, and neatness of execution, with any novels, not excepting those of the great master spirit in the world of fiction. We do not mean by this remark to place him side by side with Scott, excepting in this one work; but in this we do think he has displayed as much talent, though of a far milder and less striking kind, as is to be met with in any work of a similar character, which has been written by Sir Walter.

The exception we have made in regard to the Pilot, must, we believe, be made to all his other works. Woman seems in reality to our novelist what the poet has called her, 'mystery at best.' He can describe and trace out all the rigging and movements of a man-of-war, but the windings of a woman's heart, the understanding of a woman's nature, appears to be altogether beyond him. There is a family likeness in all his ladies of the higher class, and the prevailing feature is insipidity. In his delineations of womankind, that is, the vulgar, he has succeeded better; his Betty Flannagan was so well executed, that it won from Miss Edgeworth the praise of being the best description of an Irish woman she ever met with.

But our limits will not permit us to go farther into detail, and we have room only again to express the pleasure we have derived from Cooper's writings, and give him, so far as we are concerned, the rank of being the second novelist of the age

We are aware that what we have said concerning the author of the Spy, is little consonant with the witticisms and sarcasms of some reviewers. And we are not presumptuous enough to enter our boy's opinion against their sober maturity in judgment. It is an easy thing to show off one's own wit in decrying the best production; and that author must be truly immaculate, who is proof against all the attempts of ridicule. But we are willing to believe that the works of Cooper, will long be read and admired; and if he will but make his Red Rover of the seas a legitimate brother of the Pilot, his fame will endure in despite of Lionel Lincoln or any other libel on his genius. F. B.

CHARACTER OF CICERO.

It was the lot of Cicero to live at an unfortunate period of his country's history. The virtues which supported and adorned the early republic were fast disappearing. Luxury had almost corrupted the ancient simplicity and purity of manners, and avarice and ambition destroyed all patriotism and love of liberty. Cicero, therefore, lived in almost constant opposition to the public sentiment; and if he sometimes appear guilty of weakness or inconsistency, much must be attributed to the spirit of the times.

The distinguishing feature of his character was an ardent love of glory. This was the great principle which actuated him through life. So strong was this desire, that he was not content to shine in one sphere alone, he resolved to be at once an orator, a statesman, and a philosopher. In every action of his life he seems constantly to have had in view the opinion of posterity. The reflection, that future generations would hear and applaud his actions, animated every exertion, and supported him under the weight of present odium and calumny. In some of the happiest moments of his life, when the mists which enveloped futurity seemed to vanish, and the immortality of the soul appeared almost a certainty, he often felicitated himself that he should be conscious of the honors which should attend his name as long as Rome should endure. How more than completely have these anticipations been fulfilled. Proudly confident in the eternity of his country's existence, he thought it enough that his fame should last whilst Rome was mistress of the world and should extend to the limits of her empire. Yet now that the Roman power has long since fallen, the name of Cicero has reached to a new world, three thousand miles beyond the little island, which, in his time, though scarcely known, was believed to be the extremity of the earth.

The love of fame, when honorably directed, is only another name for the love of virtue. In Cicero it was perfectly pure and honorable. He knew that in different ages the applause of mankind was bestowed on different characters, but that, in all ages, virtue will meet their esteem and approbation. He considered a life spent in disinterested services to his country,

as the surest means of acquiring the most permanent glory. He wished therefore to live in his country's history, only as its benefactor and friend, and in proportion as he was desirous of being great, he strove to be good. In every period of his life he appears to have had at heart the welfare of every part of the republic. In the government of Sicily he generously preferred the interests of his province to his own. An office which others improved as an opportunity of increasing private wealth, he employed in correcting abuses. He neither practised extortion himself, nor did he suffer it in his inferior officers. His care for this island did not cease when the period of his government expired. He ever afterwards maintained a watchful care over its interests, and protected it from the rapacity of its subsequent governors. During the year of his consulship his conduct appears in a most conspicuous light. In detecting and defeating the conspiracy of Catiline, he had to arouse and encourage the cold timidity of some, to counteract the secret favor of others for the conspirators, to baffle the audacious designs of Catiline, yet avoid the imputation of acting with greater severity than the exigencies of the case demanded, and finally to overcome the prejudices of all, and the influence of the particular friends of the conspirators in bringing them to a capital punishment. All these difficulties Cicero surmounted with the greatest decision, firmness, and prudence.

In the subsequent periods of his life, we look in vain for a similar exercise of these virtues. During the civil war of Pompey and Cæsar, and the disturbances afterwards raised by Anthony, he acted with an apparent weakness, which, as was before observed, is in a great measure to be imputed to the peculiarly unfortunate circumstances of the times. The republic, weakened by the introduction of luxury and wealth, was now become a prize for the contention of political parties. Marius and Sylla had already contended for it, and Cæsar now presented himself. In this extremity all honest men, who were anxious for the support of the old government, looked to Pompey. Cicero was at first desirous of effecting a reconciliation, but soon found it impossible. Disgusted by the inefficiency of Pompey's conduct, perceiving that the contest, whichever way it might be decided, would inevitably result in giving a master to Rome, and doubtful

whether Cæsar were not the most eligible of the two, it was pardonable, at least, that he patiently acquiesced in the usurpation of the conqueror. Could the voice of reason and eloquence have been heard amid the din of civil arms, Cicero might have saved his country a second time. But violence had assumed the decision of right, and Cicero had neither the military skill to command the army, nor could be found a sufficient number of men desirous of restoring the ancient form of government to support him against the two powerful parties already existing. The only remaining way, therefore, in which he could save his country, was in attempting to mitigate the evil he could not cure. He therefore conciliated the favor of the prevailing party, that he might employ his influence for the good of the state. And for this purpose alone did he employ it. Had he been inclined to make a common cause with the victors, how gladly would they have received into their ranks a man whose eloquence could have given a favorable coloring to almost any cause. That they deemed it a hopeless attempt to induce him to any dishonorable compliances, his melancholy death gives ample testimony. After living a useful and active life for the republic, he died, because he could not save it, and would not cooperate with its destroyers.

Among the private virtues of his character, his industry is the most remarkable. When we observe that those of his works, which have come down to us, are more extensive than what is usually produced in a life devoted to study, and consider that these are but a part of what he wrote during a life of active and laborious public service, we are astonished to see what the human mind, when tasked to the utmost of its energies, is capable of executing. It is an interesting inquiry, by what means could all this be accomplished? It was, undoubtedly, by keeping his mind in a state of constant activity; by having its powers habitually under his control, so as to be able at any time to direct his attention to any subject he wished to investigate. Above all, it was by carefully improving those little portions of leisure which intervene between the employments of the most active life, and which most men entirely overlook in their account of time. Not a moment was permitted by Cicero to pass unemployed in some useful purpose. Many of his epistles were written in the senate, and

some even whilst presiding at his tribunal. The hours, and even half hours, which elapsed between the causes he continually engaged in, were spent in walking in his garden for his refreshment, whilst he dictated to a slave, who constantly attended him. The recesses of public business were passed at his country seats in studying the philosophers of Greece, in committing to writing his own reflections, and in the conversation of the learned men by whom his villas were frequented. Thus, throughout his life, he was continually acquiring, digesting, and maturing useful knowledge, and without depriving his contemporaries of the benefit of his eloquence and talents, he was enabled to leave posterity the richest legacy in the whole circle of Roman literature.

In his social intercourse with his family and friends he was kind and affectionate. His heart was peculiarly fitted for the enjoyments of domestic happiness. He delighted to relax himself from the cares of public business, in the innocent company of children, for whom his letters abound with expressions of parental fondness. He was ever ready to answer the demands of friendship, and his talents and eloquence enabled him to render essential service to those who applied to him. His benevolence extended to all with whom he had any connexion. In Sicily and Cilicia he employed his power only for the good of those whom he governed, and when he left them, he was followed by their affections and their prayers. At Rome he was constantly engaged in unrequited services for the injured and distressed.

To assert that Cicero was without faults, would be to exalt him above the level of humanity. He has been accused by his enemies, and with reason, of carrying his desire of fame to a weak, and sometimes even to a ridiculous, excess. He suffered himself to be too much elated with success, and too much depressed in adversity. Of the dignity and firmness of his conduct during the civil dissensions, different opinions may be entertained. But no one can doubt that he was an upright statesman, an enlightened philosopher, an eloquent orator, and a good man.

MATTERS OF THE HEART.

"A wife! a wife! my kingdom for a wife!"

No passion possesses a higher and more uncontrolled influence over the conduct and feelings of mankind, than—*love!* Poetry, romance, and every tale of fiction is filled with it. You can scarcely read a newspaper, without being sickened with lover's dreams and sighs, heart-pantings, palpitations, tremblings and fears, crimson blushes, crystal tear-drops, and a world of sweet and tender sufferings, to which the young sentimentalist—the divinity of the heart—has—alas! —subjected our unhappy race!

This ruling passion, runs through most of the productions which daily issue from our sated press. The earliest flights of fancy paint to our view some blushing fair; and the first effusions of the infant muse are breathed in the soft accents of love. Oh! the honied sweets of moonlight kisses, plighted vows, united hearts, and tender partings! Oh! the remembrance of "joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul!" These are the sentiments, which will secure to the fortunate author, eternal renown; these the works, our "rising hopes," our embryo great men delight to honor. Talk good, sound, common sense, and you may perhaps delight the grey-headed father, who stands trembling with one foot already in the grave, and the other longing to follow it;—usher into the world an Essay on Domestic Economy, and the duty of providing against the wants of old age, and you will, doubtless, meet the views of some wrinkled miser, brooding over his hoarded gold; trumpet forth the praises of prudence and chastity, and you may expect, that the withered spinster, from whose unmarriageable soul, the last ray of hope has been forever excluded, will endure calmly and quietly your much speaking, and, perhaps, even acknowledge, that her wintry heart has been warmed by your ardor and cheered by your wisdom, and, would she speak the truth, *consoled* too, *wonderfully consoled*, by your hintings, and surmisings, and fearings, and hopings-for-the-best, with regard to the rising generation. But what of the rest? Would you gain their favor? Do you wish the flower of the age to do you reverence? Ah then, forget not the consecrated shrine of beauty.

——————"the tear, the sigh,
The sideway glance, the flashing eye."

It is really curious to look abroad into the world, and see mankind as they are. What is the subject on which they converse with the greatest interest and ease. I mean, not those merely, who are confined within the walls of a city, but the happy thousands who are scattered over our green fields, our pastures and forests. Why, to be sure, it is sublime indeed! It is—love! The small talk of a village courtship—of vows, and broken hearts, and marriage, secures to them an earthly heaven! I have known some happy spirits, who could sit for hours, when no other amusement presented, and talk of the *winkings* and *squintings*, they had lately been so eagle-eyed, as to detect between some innocent couple, who, in *truth*, were as ignorant of each other, as of the fate-telling friend, who had foreseen and been so kind as to reveal their future union. No matter, whether the parties concerned are mere children, or approaching to the age of Mathuselah, they *must* be "in love." It is so decreed by fate, and that decree seems to be irrevocable. The infant scarcely escapes the confinement of his mother's arms, before he is taught to fix his eyes, not to say his heart, upon some fair flower, and talk of her as his intended wife. The schoolboy is not blind to the charms of beauty. Even before he has learned his punctuation, or toiled through the dull sameness of his spelling-book, he finds, that other thoughts, than those of the task assigned him, engross too much of his attention, in spite of the surly look and the wrinkled brow of the village master, or even the terrors of the well known birch, as it whistles over him

"Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall,
One day upon his head;"

and with all the ardor of a romantic hero, he figures to his youthful imagination, the far distant, but blissful period, when his Ann or his Julia shall be his own forever. Even the most awkward clown, who toils all day long at the dung hill, and at night creeps into a hencoop, to shelter him from the dews of autumn, is unable to forget, for a whole week to come, the sensations excited in his breast on Sunday, by the fat cheeks, and melifluous voice of a fair servant lady. In short, wherever there is a Misse Dina, there is an old Sambo,

and our maiden aunts, I beg their pardon, I mean fate, has decreed, that "they twain be one flesh."

Now we do not deny that it is a very fine thing to be *occasionally* in love,—it makes one so poetical and sentimental! But to be *for ever* in love, is an exceeding grievance. Still worse is it, since love is a "matter of the heart," to be deprived of our free agency, and be obliged to suffer others to choose for us, where none are capable of understanding the "circumstances" which affect the choice, so well as ourselves. To be delivered from this inconvenience, we make the following proposition. To all old bachelors and old maids, matrons, and fathers, young men and young women; whereas, we have hitherto been much annoyed by your interference with our love affairs; whereas, you are disposed to pick for us sunflowers, where we would cull roses, and to infringe upon our right of free agency and free will; and whereas, our protestations have hitherto been disregarded, we do hereby, for the sake of freedom and peace, make known to you, that it is our intention, at some future period, to "take wife." When that time approaches, we do hereby promise, that, on condition you will permit us to enjoy the society of the ladies unmolested, we will give you seasonable notice of our "success," and allow you, without resistance on our part the exquisite pleasure of spreading the report, that we are *engaged*.

THE FINE ARTS.

> The last, the noblest task remains untold;
> Passion to paint and sentiment unfold.
>
> *Du Fresnoy.*

The spirit which distinguishes us in the promotion of liberal views and useful undertakings, has at length awakened to the interests of the fine arts, and we have had the gratification of witnessing the means for their encouragement among us. Indeed it could hardly be supposed at a time when every object of speculation which offers a probability of use or amusement finds a place in the public estimation, that the fine arts so attractive in their nature and useful in their influence, should remain neglected or forgotten. Their use as sources of refin-

ed pleasure, and as means of improvement, as tending to abstract the mind from merely sensual gratifications, and as conducing to national refinement are indeed universally acknowledged, and no further recommendation is necessary to entitle them to the esteem and patronage of a free and enlightened public. With us these interests are beginning to be consulted, and we trust that the mist which has hitherto obscured the lustre of our reputation, will ere long be dispersed by the sun which is now rising on our hemisphere, and which gives promise of full meridian splendor. Without recourse to the rapacious measures by which the treasures of the Louvre were amassed, our galleries have risen, and exhibit productions calculated to please the most fastidious taste.

As one of the noblest monuments of our growing interests in the fine arts, we would mention the Atheneum gallery of our city; which while it presents a rich collection in the productions of native as well as foreign talent, reflects honor on the liberality of those who have contributed to its formation. The attractions it presents have indeed been fully attested, and its appeal to the public taste is strong and irresistible. All who have seen, have acknowledged its attractions, and though there may be those whose object has been "potius videri quam videre," yet there are few whose attention has not been occasionally arrested by the productions of art with which they were surrounded. It might be presumption were I competent, to point out the peculiar merits or defects of this collection, nor indeed would it be an easy matter. In considing their general merits, we cannot but admire that so rich an harvest should have been reaped from a soil which has hitherto been so little cultivated. Here are displayed to the enraptured spectator, fair specimens from the various schools, and in the various departments of painting which would do credit to the galleries of Europe. As examples we would mention the following; (viz.) "A Cardinal," by Durer of the German school; "A Madonna," after Raphael; "St. Peter," by Caracci, of the Lombard school; and the "Ruins of the temple of Jupiter Stator," by Patel, so deservedly called the French Claude, from his successful imitation of that master. To the Dutch and Flemish schools we are not a little indebted, for many of the ornaments of our gallery. The landscapes of Raysdael, the fruit and flower pieces by Brenghel and Van

Huysum, and the "Dead Game" of Weenix, are deservedly celebrated. "St. George and the Dragon," by Rubens, a Sea View by Vandervelde, and the animal representations by Wouvermans and Hendikooter are also deserving of notice. Many other examples of the older schools of equal merit might be mentioned, but we would now turn our eyes homeward, to the not less interesting consideration of our native talent; and here we by no means find a deficiency of merit. The genius of Allston has scattered rich fruits; and we feel truly sensible of their merit as we gaze on the admirable specimens of his genius. We feel that they possess a peculiar force of expression. In the "Prophetess" he has selected one of the most poetical subjects of scripture history, and in the representation has combined the genius of the painter and the poet. His "Beatrice" has been deservedly admired, and his landscapes display equal skill, whether the clouds assume the sombre, and threatening aspect of the rising storm," or mellow golden tints as in the "Landscape after sunset." In his historical paintings especially, we observe peculiar force and character. The landscapes of Doughty, Shaw, and Fisher, have also considerable merit, and for harmony of colouring the gallery cannot perhaps present a landcape superior to the "Scene from the Pirate." The Sea Views by Birch are also fine, and for richness and truth what shall we find superior to the "Fruit Piece," by Peale? In the mechanical part of the art, this artist has displayed great talent; and the delicacy and richness of his colouring entitle him to our highest admiration. In portrait painting too, we are proud to speak of such artists as Copley, Stuart, Alexander, and Harding. In the portraits by Stuart and Alexander, we find not, to be sure, that attention to minutia which so often destroy the effect, and which are so little essential to this branch, but they have a still higher recommendation,—that of preserving the correct outline and expression of the countenance.

We will now take leave of the Gallery; and though we would willingly dwell on these interesting considerations, we fear we have already subjected ourselves to be advised of the truth, *quod super nos, nihil ad nos*, and to the charge of attempting to wield what was above our strength. But we hope it may be some apology for our presumption, that it is not altogether irrelevant to our subject to have considered

the means we enjoy for a knowledge and encouragement of the arts. The gallery is indeed a rich *parterre*, and it is no slight gratification to know that some of the fairest flowers it contains are indigenous.

As forming a distinct exhibition, and as displaying the excellence of the Italian school, the "Capuchin Chapel" is worthy our notice and admiration. In this picture the disposition and effect of reflected light is truly admirable. The perspective and relief are also striking, and though the effect of the picture may be somewhat weakened by its being in too strong a light, we see in it the perfection of *chiäro oscuro* in the knowledge of which the Italians have excelled all others.

The next and last picture which claims our attention, is the "Coronation of Napoleon," by David, of the French school. There is perhaps in this picture a want of strength and effect; a fault with which the French school (I know not how reasonably) have been charged; but however this may be, there is certainly much in this picture which is worthy of admiration. There is a richness and finish about the drapery which few other paintings on so large a scale present. Of the figures in this picture, that of the Pope is the most admirable.

Such are the attractions which have so powerfully arrested the attention of the public, and that time cannot have been ill spent, which has been passed in the enjoyment of so pure a pleasure;—a pleasure which tends at the same time to the improvement of taste and sentiment, and to the elevation and enlargement of the views of the spectator.

When we look back on the talent which our land has already produced, we may reasonably indulge in sanguine anticipations of the future. A West has filled the chair of the Royal Academy in England, and Copley, Trumbull, Allston, Sully, and others are among the pillars of modern art. We have had our poets too, and has listened with delight to the strains of a Percival and a Bryant. We trust also, that the time is not far distant when America shall boast her Canova, her Raphaelle, and her Scott. That there is at this moment in our country, genius of the highest order, slumbering in the shades of retirement and obscurity, there can be no doubt; and that liberal encouragement is the best, if not the only means, of stimulating their dormant faculties. We have wealth to purchase the finest models, and taste sufficient to

make the best selection. There is no reason, therefore, to fear that we shall cultivate a false taste. In Europe (particularly in France,) the galleries of painting and sculpture are open to the view of the lowest and poorest subject; and we certainly have the means of forming gradually an institution on the same plan. Genius is of no rank, and under proper regulations and discipline, much national benefit might result from permitting free access to the gallery, on certain days, to all classes. It is certainly an advance towards refinement, when the vulgar are capable of finding in a picture gallery a substitute for the ale-house, and there is no means perhaps so well calculated to draw the lower classes from this habit of intemperance, as being permitted to join in, and partake of the amusements of their superiors. There is something in it which gratifies at once their pride and feelings. It is to be hoped, therefore, that they who have the means will contribute to the accomplishment of this object. The riches of a country consist not so much in actual wealth, as in the power and extent of its attractions. The sentiment which induced the inhabitants of Antwerp to sue the tyrant Buonaparte for the restoration of Reubens' admirable picture, "The Descent from the Cross," was an union at once of pride and interest. They had lost that wonder of the age, and Antwerp no longer remained the centre of attraction to the traveller and connoisseur. Similar examples are not wanting of the importance which a nation may derive from the liberal cultivations of the fine arts. Talent and genius are its best wealth, and specimens of their cultivation its proudest boast. S.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

Fair Spring had robed the earth with green,
The sky was bright above,
When first, beneath the breezy shade,
I told my tale of love;
And still within my bosom dwells
That love, all pure and strong,
Unsullied by succeeding years
Of misery and wrong.

Forgive me that with heedless ire
When girt with foes I stood,
I struck the arm which sought my life,
And spilt thy brother's blood;
Exile, and chains, and blighted love
Have well avenged that stain,
And now, with broken heart and hopes,
I come to thee again.

Thou'rt bound to me by every tie
I've broke for thee alone;
Thou'rt bound to me by ever woe,
Which for thy sake I've known,
From jewell'd state, from courtly bowers,
From Fashion's fair array,
To him, who claims thine earliest vows,
I summon thee away.

By every sigh, which wringing Grief
Forc'd from my bleeding breast;
By every tear which manly pride
Hath only half represt;

By that dread vow which made us one,
By thy long flighted hand,
I call thee hence, to share my home,
Far in the Western Land. M. P.

IMITATION OF GOTHE.

Know'st thou the grove, where deep embowering shades
Spread coolness o'er the turfy woodland glades?
Still breathe the gentle gales the trees among,
And rises still the birds' melodious song.
Know'st thou the grove?
Oh haste we there!
Fain would I breathe that grove's soft balmy air.

Know'st thou the Hall? No pillars there are seen
But round it shines the summer's brightest green
Kind hearts are there, that beat for Virtue's aim,
And cheeks, unsullied with the blush of shame.
Know'st thou the Hall?
Oh, quickly there
To you my earliest friends would I repair.

Know'st thou the stream within whose glassy wave
We used of yore our youthful limbs to lave?
The violet breathes around its sweet perfume,
And on the banks each wild-flower loves to bloom.
Know'st thou the stream?
When shall we there
Friend of my soul, to its sweet bank repair? S. G.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As it is desirable that the next number should be arranged as early as the commencement of the vacation, correspondents who will favor us with their communications are requested to present them on or before the 17th instant.